the very lips with which we frame our words of adoration,
in the very eyes with which we look up to Him for inspiration
and guidance.
Though our body, with its encumbrance of bone and
muscle, is mere matter, dead and dark, it becomes, when
lighted with the light of His Force, His own blessed sanctuary.
He is seated therein on His Throne of Glory in the centre
of the heart controlling and energising all the muscular and
nervous forces that keep up the bodily organism. In the
words of the Kathopanishad, He is (t
seated as the Adorable
in the middle '|
In the dim hoary past when the civilisation of the world
was yet in its infancy, the blessed Rishis of this and other
Upanishads, illumined by the Spirit, were enabled to perceive
His glory and to sing it rapturously, not as the feeble echo
of a reported truth, but as the oracular voice of a realised
experience. The Rishis declare that the Brahman is the
very Inner Soul seated in the hearts of all objects; even
as ' every crystal consists of particles symmetrically clustered
round a central axis with its powers of attraction and
cohesion ; even as' in every organism, the centre is the
nucleus containing *not* merely the force

around which addi-
tions might gather, but also the living,
cohering power which
draws and holds together all the congenial
accretions in
the up-growth of the microscopic speck of
vital life.
The Supreme Being, now sends forth, with
the impulse
of His own Spirit, myriads of created
objects like sparks
from a blazing fire ; and again He resumes
them into Him-
self—not to annihilate but to cherish, not
to wipe out but
to conserve, not to engulf but to
regenerate. As the child
is but the parent reproduced, as the friend
is but the [1] *alter ego*|
the other self, as the disciple is but the
preceptor rejuvenated,
as the harvest is but the seed manifolded,
even so, the uni-
verse is the offspring—the creation and
the harmony of
Ahe Supreme Spirit God. He is not a
distant driving power